King. Thou now a dying sayest thou flatterest me.
Gaunt. Oh no, thou diest, though I the sicker be.
King. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.
Gaunt. Now he that made me knowes I see thee ill.
Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill:
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sicke,
And thou too careless pacient as thou art
Committst thy annoynted body to the cure
Of those Physitions that first wounded thee,
A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
Whose compasse is no bigger than thy head,
And yet inraged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land:
Oh had thy grandsire with a Prophets eie,
Seene how his sonnes sonne should destroy his sonnes,
From forth thy reach he would haue laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possest,
Which art possest now to depose thy selfe:
Why cousin wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease:
But for thy world enioying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now not, not King,
Thy state of lawe is bondslaue to the lawe,
And thou
King. A lunatike leane-witted foole,
Presuming on an agues priuiledge,
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chasing the royall bloud
With furie from his natiue residence.
Now by my seates right royall maiestie,
Wert thou not brother to great Edwards sonne,
This tong that runnes so roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders.
Gaunt. Oh spare me not my brothers Edwards sonne,
For that I was his father Edwards sonne,

That

That bloud already li
Hast thou tapt out an
My brother Gloceste
Whom faire befall in
Maie be a presidente a
That thou respectst n
Ioine with the presen
And thy vnkindnes be
To crop at once a too
Liue in thy shame, but
These words hereafte
Conuay me to my bed
Loue they to liue that

King And let them
For both hast thou, an
Yorke I doe beseech
To waiward sicklines
He loues you on my li
As Harry Duke of H
King Right, you say
As theirs, so mine, and
North. My liege, o
King What saies he
North. Nay nothin
His tongue is now a st
Words, life, and al, old
Yorke Be Yorke the
Though death be poo
King The ripest fru
His time is spent, our p
So much for that. No
We must supplant tho
Which liue like venor
But onely they haue p
And for these great af
Toward, our assistanc

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